THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Theatrical Exhibitions.

"But by the mighty actor brought,
"Illusion's wedded triumphs come—
"Verse ceases to be airy thought,
"And sculpture to be dumb."—*Campbell.*

"THINE unwarrantable violence of temper, young man," said the Quaker, "betrayeth the badness of thy cause, for a good one needeth not such defence." If my opponent entertains correct sentiments with regard to theatrical exhibitions, a full and candid exposition of his views must convince all who are worth being convinced;—but if incorrect, the passion into which he has wrought himself against the supporters of theatres, will prove like the foaming ocean dashing its waves with violence upon the rock-bound shore, or like the tornado spending its fury upon the mountain oak, weak and futile; and he will still find few to subscribe to his doctrines. In his last production, unlike the former, is exhibited the fretful rant of bigotry, and the mad ravings of fanaticism, rather than a calm examination of the subject under consideration.

My opponent first endeavors to give the impression, though he does not assert it in so many words, that Cicero and Addison were opposers of theatres. I did not suppose that upon this point it would be necessary to enter into a discussion with any one, the least acquainted with the writings of those distinguished authors.—Those of the former abound with encomiums bestowed upon actors, (one of whom, so often mentioned in his works, was his most intimate friend,*) and with comparisons between the relative powers of intellect to the tragedian and the accomplished orator; while in those of the latter continual allusions are made to the entertaining instruction to be obtained at these exhibitions,† as well as to their beneficial effects upon the mind and character of the spectator. That both Cicero and Addison might have spoken with merited severity of some errors of the stage, it would be unreasonable to doubt. Comedy was held in bad repute in Cicero's age, and it never has been, nor ever can be so much admired as tragedy. But can it be supposed that every one who raises his voice against the licentiousness displayed in many periodicals of the present day is an enemy to a free press? Certainly, with the same propriety as that Cicero and Addison could be reckoned opposers of the stage, on account of the just censure applied by them to certain dramatic representations.

When I conceded that theatres might have exerted a baneful influence under the direction of the licentious among a weak and profligate people, I allowed nothing more than can be said of the best institutions with which the world was ever blessed;—but that such an influence was not the direct and legitimate tendency of the stage, aside from extraneous circumstances;—that its effects were not to "undermine the morals of men," as asserted by my antagonist, I abundantly proved by recurring to the condition of those countries where theatres have existed and flourished. Because the adoption of a republican government, instead of conferring prosperity and happiness upon the French people, who were not prepared to enjoy its benefits, brought down upon them wild anarchy, confusion and bloodshed, casting over that mighty empire the blackness of despotism, which long hovered around it like the night of death, excluding every ray of hope, shall we hurl down the fair fabric of government erected by our forefathers, and rear in the midst of our prosperous country the glittering throne for a sceptred tyrant? Because free institutions do not bestow upon the South Americans all the blessings which they are calculated to impart to an enlightened people, must we adopt the reasoning of my astute opponent, and at "one fell sweep" condemn popular governments as only designed to "degrade the degraded?" Yet this is the conclusion at which we should arrive, if guided by the shallow sophistry employed by this errant knight, who has resolved thus early to prove his lance by a *tilt* against theatres.

An allusion is next made to the state of the drama in Greece and Rome. I was aware of the conjectures of Aristotle concerning the origin of the word comedy, though I am somewhat at a loss to know what phrase in that author could be translated "expelled from the city of Athens." Perhaps, however, this learned opposer of theatres has a different *edition* of Aristotle's works, or possibly the Greek word *akimazomenous*, though said by Schrevelius to mean "neglected," may receive this interpretation by the inventive genius of my opponent. In addi-

*Roscius. Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit, ut Roscii morte nuper commoveratur? was the remark of Cicero concerning the death of this actor.

†Spectator, *passim.*

tion to a novel mode of translating the Grecian language, we are favored with some information, which I am so unfortunate as never to have met with before, concerning the history of Greece. Indeed, the merest tyro must have known that not in the "most flourishing age" of that nation did Thespis entertain his spectators with his rustic representations, but in comparatively the most rude and uncultivated period. The city of the virgin godess, afterwards noted for its splendid edifices, had not at that time a temple within its precincts to contrast with the mud huts that met the eye of the beholder. I have been led to suppose that the "flourishing age" of Greece commenced about a half a century after dramatic representations were there first exhibited, or something less than five hundred years before the Christian era. I have been taught that the period to which the tragic writers, Sophocles, Euripides, and many more vied with each other in gaining the applause of the Athenians, and the prizes of the theatres, was the age of Grecian glory. That was the age in which was fought the battle of Marathon, Salamis, and Platea,—exploits that will continue to excite the admiration of mankind through the lapse of succeeding centuries. That was the age in which Leonidas with his hardy Spartans, sacrificed their lives at the pass of Thermopylæ. To assist the memory of my opponent, which appears to be very treacherous, I would inform him, that in this truly "flourishing age" of Grecian renown, so far were theatrical exhibitions from being "prohibited," that upon the fortunate result of a celebrated battle, a yearly contest for tragedy was instituted at Athens, by the government, when the inhabitants of that 'school of the world,' were alternately delighted and astonished by the magnificent beauties of a Sophocles, the sublime pathos of an Euripides, and the brilliant wit of an Aristophanes.

Another series of historical blunders is observable in the remarks upon Roman theatres. In the early stages of that republic, the government had the same antipathy to the drama which it had to the fine arts and literature of Greece, fearful that these would enervate the warlike Roman, whose delight was in the camp, and the same means were taken to prevent the introduction of both. But if my profound opponent really supposes that there were no dramatic exhibitions before the time of Pompey, (to say nothing of the splendid theatre erected prior to his time by M. Æmilius, which it was said would contain 80,000 auditors,*) I would enquire at what period were acted the dramas of the Latin writers Cœcilius, Accius, Ennius, Nervius, Terence and Plautus, since all these authors lived nearly a century anterior to Pompey's age, many of whose plays, especially those of the two last mentioned, were received with unbounded applause at Rome. Does not this champion, who with self-complacency throws historical facts into such wild confusion that it would balk the skill of a Dædalus himself to trace out his labyrinth of absurdities, know that more than a century before the building of Pompey's theatre, in the most prosperous era of the republic, Andronicus wrote and acted plays at Rome, giving to the profession of the actor a respectability which it did not possess prior to that period.

This opposer of theatres, like every other one for the last half century, dwells upon the condition of these institutions at the close of the Grecian and Roman republics, and sagely attributes to their influence the downfall of these empires. The most rational answer that can be given to reasoning of this kind is "fudge."

In my last, I alluded to the licentiousness of theatres at the decline of the Grecian and Roman empires, though I did not suppose any one so weak as to believe that the catastrophe which befel those nations was caused by these establishments. That their influence was hurtful is true;—but what institution, however sacred, has not been perverted to the worst purposes by the unprincipled and licentious? Three centuries have not passed since the Christian—yes, the professor of the holy religion of Jesus, was seen exulting around the fires, from the midst of whose flames rose to high heaven the anguished cry of the suffering, dying Catholic. Shall we then condemn Christianity, as only calculated to deaden the feelings and render cruel its professors? With far better justice than anathematize theatrical exhibitions, because eighteen hundred years ago, under the direction of the depraved, their influence was deleterious among a worse than barbarous people.

It is really amusing to observe with what facility this Proteus can assume different forms, as suits his convenience, and wield one moment the very weapons, the use of which, an instant before, he was loud in condemning. Does he mean to say that theatres produced in Paris the sanguinary spectacle so long beheld in that city? In his own words, "nothing is more idle than conclusions grounded on such premises." But it is true at the very period of French history to which we are referred, (though in his statement he has again bid defiance to chronology, by assigning to Robespierre dominion in Paris before his odious name was known even in the National Assembly,) there was an almost incredible increase of schools in that metropolis,

*Livy.

literature itself seemed to have received a new impulse. If any thing is proved against theatres, the same is certainly against literary pursuits. "Never, in so short period," says a distinguished historian,* "were so many literary and scientific works published in Paris as during these public scenes of bloodshed." Perhaps, however, my opponent would recur with pleasure to the period of English history when dramatic representations were entirely forbidden; during the reign of that *prince of morals*,

"Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame,"

and would feast his mental vision in viewing the *happy* condition of that people *uncontaminated* by the "*pestilential*" air surrounding a theatre, but who, unfortunately, were somewhat beset by the *unimportant* sins of faction, fanaticism, and cruelty: in fine, guilty of every violence and injustice to which men can be urged by furious bigotry.

It seems to excite the special wonder of my antagonist, that theatres should receive the support, as he says, of the ignorant and degraded. I am not aware of this being the fact to any great extent, and have even known instances where their most violent and efficient enemies were found among the rabble. It is a misfortune, however, attending all public exhibitions, that their novelty, not any expected advantage, affords attractions to this class of persons.—Thus, at the Commencement of our literary institutions, are seen collected all the "scum of creation," who, from their forwardness in taking possession of the best seats, to the entire exclusion of the more refined portion of community, might be supposed the only competent judges of the performances; but who, it is well known, have not the least relish for the subjects discussed on those occasions, even should they come within their comprehension. Yet should all the benefits of the public exercises of that day be foregone, merely because they are applauded by this comparatively small class of society? Another reason is easily discovered for theatres receiving the favor of this part of community, in the violent measures to effect their designs taken by too many of the opposers of these establishments. In many places it requires no small degree of moral courage to speak in favor of the stage, and consequently only those who are beyond the power of that malignant clan, who are ready to cry vengeance, and "let slip the dogs of war," are found among the patrons of the drama. These, of course, must generally include the most independent men of society, as well as those who have nothing to lose.—This fiendish spirit of some (by no means all) of the enemies to theatrical exhibitions has been aimed on more than one occasion. It was this spirit that drove from the Scottish Church one of the most talented authors of the last century, for writing that tragedy which will immortalize his name, and prove a lasting honor to the country which gave him birth.

But it cannot be supposed by any reasonable person, that the number of the abandoned bear any proportion to that of the virtuous who approve this rational entertainment. In our state legislature, when the resolution was introduced to abolish these exhibitions, though their *baneful* effects were exerted within sight of those seats, upon which the members were deliberating, only thirty-two, of more than two hundred, could be found to vote for such a proposition. Such was the *degraded* condition of this Assembly. A few years since, the venerable Lafayette was seen visiting the theatres in most of our cities, which were favored with his presence. We lately read of a Marshall, Madison, and Monroe, those fathers of the republic, on one occasion being received with applause at the theatre in Richmond. Such are the "*weak and profligate*" men who give their sanction to these institutions around which the very "atmosphere is *pestilential*." Oh, shame! where is thy blush?

I had intended to speak of the influence of dramatic writings upon the mind, showing the different effects of tragedy and comedy, and to refer to the virtuous tendency of certain common plays. But in correcting the vagaries of this modern Phæton, who dashes about to the perversion of facts and total disregard of historical dates, I have already surpassed my limits, which precludes the possibility of enlarging upon either of these topics. I will, however, in conclusion, glance at a single point. "Shall we be pointed to Othello, where we are taught to venerate good qualities in a murderer?" Yes, verily; "where we are taught to venerate *good* qualities," and commisserate the abused ingenuousness of

"One not easily jealous, but being wrought,
"Perplexed in the extreme;"

And to abhor the soul, that "with knavery's plain face, never seen till used," can exult over the ruin of those, who, "all guiltless meet reproach." Or "*we*" may be referred to the "Gamester," where the inevitable fate that must sooner or later overtake the practiser of this vice, is painted in living colors. Or to "George Barnwell," where the dissolute youth may receive a lesson not easily to be effaced from his mind, and which, like the ghost of Banquo, will "rise unbidden," at the midnight revel, if he has the hardihood to visit such a

* Bigland.

scene after viewing its representation, reproaching him with his weakness, and reminding him of the certain destruction which awaits him. Or to "Tamerlane," where a Christian prince is seen nobly forgiving those who have repeatedly attempted his life. Or to "Douglas," the "Apostate," the "Orphan," "Pizarro," or to innumerable others, whose names are so familiar to all, that they need not to be mentioned. So long as such plays continue to be acted upon the boards, the stage can never cease to retain the constantly increasing patronage and reputation, which it now enjoys in the United States, until ignorance come down upon us like night, fanaticism and injustice become virtues, and the citadel of liberty is ransacked by the minions of tyranny.

LIBERALITAS.

Messrs. Editors,—The following piece found among the writings of one of your students, some time in the 19th century, appears to be a Preface to his private Place Book. There is such an odd turn of thought in some of the lines, that although it seems like pilfering from the grave, I have presumed to forward them without my friend's consent, whom I believe either dead or gone to sea. It seems he designed to preach.

I.

As a refuge to flee to, this book I design,
When the toils of the day, with its duties are o'er;
And when calm Contemplation, with aspect benign,
Has dispell'd all the cares that perplex'd me before.

II.

Thus while youth with me wanders down life's thorny vale,
And the soft fires of fancy illumine my mind;
When I often reflect this existence is frail,
I will write on these pages, "still I am resign'd."

III.

Should my friends, one by one, be consign'd to the tomb,
And leave me still to linger awhile upon earth,
It shall sweetly beguile me of sorrow and gloom,
When I here read the story that tells of their worth.

IV.

Unless Heaven in kindness some ANGEL should send,
In the garb of a mortal but slightly conceal'd;
And by unseen direction of fond hearts should blend,
In that union which broken can never be heal'd:

V.

For should death prematurely dissever that tie,
Oh! then censure me not if despondent I moan;
E'en the vine when its tendrils are sunder'd will die,
And the stock-dove endures not existence alone.

VI.

But when Time's iron pencil has traced on my brow
The mystical warrant that warns me away;
I'll recur to these pages that solace me now,
And rejoice in life's morn at the close of its day.

VII.

When at length I am freed from all-wearying care;
When I've bow'd 'neath that power from which nothing can save;
When the winds beat no more on my time-silver'd hair
And the eglantine sheds its perfume on my grave;—

VIII.

May the friend who receives this memorial, write,
As he pensively ponders these sentiments o'er;
My epitaph true on its last page of white,
Which remains but to shew I could scribble no more.

IX.

May some wight while he strolls by the graves of the dead,
Ere the church-going Sabbath bell peals on the air,
Speak thus, as he leans on the stone at my head,
'Neath the slender-limb'd willows by friends planted there.

X.

"I have seen him who here is embosom'd in clay;
I have heard him—and, oh! I remember full well,
When from yon sacred desk he first taught us to pray,
And when our hearts echoed his funeral knell.

XI.

Though his mind was eccentric, his heart still was kind,
And we thought here on earth to his spirit was given,
A sweet foretaste of bliss which he taught us to find—
Of bliss which we hope he 's perfected in Heaven."

GELID.

Politeness.

TRUE Politeness may be termed a "benevolence in trifles." It is the offspring of a kind and generous heart. It is the outpouring of the sweetest fountains of the soul. It is an exhibition of qualities at once the loveliest and most noble. It is the life of social intercourse, and one of the brightest ornaments of the human character. The man whom it adorns gives delight to all who can justly appreciate the sweets of friendly converse, and is richly rewarded by the grateful smiles of approbation that every where greet him; like the gentle stream which, while it diffuses life and verdure along its banks, is itself bordered with flowers and impregnated with sweetest odors. Politeness, unlike other attainments, never created envy or displeasure. Learning and affluence, while they elevate their possessor to a proud and lofty eminence, expose him at the same time to the poisonous shafts of calumny, and render the illiterate and indigent dissatisfied and ready to murmur at the hard lot to which fortune has consigned them. Wit may cause the lip to curl in smiles—but these are not unfrequently succeeded by the leer of contempt—the momentary sun-light, too, often gives place to "darkness visible." Unrivalled conversational powers can please awhile—but pleasure sometimes yields to weariness. So with most acquisitions. Even the well-earned glories of a spotless name escape not the vile breath of slander. Nay, more! the sacred dwelling of the departed spirits of Freedom's worthiest martyrs, remains not undisturbed.—With too much truth did Goldsmith assert, that "while the great are solicitous of raising their own reputations, the opposite class, alas! are solicitous of bringing every reputation down to a level with their own." Yet no man may anticipate with livelier hopes of success, the con-

summation of his designs—none has it in his power to render the social circle the residence of purer joy or more lofty sentiment—and none can glide more smoothly through the world than he whose manners are gentle and refined. In his presence calumny is mute in admiration, and envy forgets its office. All around him are delighted, they scarce know why, and all alike catch the generous spirit that flashes from his eye. The civility which at all times characterizes his intercourse with others is not assumed for purposes of deception, but originates in the benignity and frankness of his heart. Politeness is not only elegance in manners—it is a kindness of the soul manifested in every action. Not unfrequently, it is true, is the person, whose introduction to the society of strangers shows him graceful and unembarrassed, lauded as a truly polite man, even previous to his having uttered a syllable to evince the cast of his disposition. Such applause is premature. The conversation of this genteel personage may prove to be senseless, vulgar and disgusting.—Foppishness is not gentility. He who attempts, on all occasions, an ostentatious display of wit, after making "myself" a very important character, can lay no claims to the appellation of polite. His conduct merits rather the appellation of bare-faced effrontery. Sober instruction, and ennobling thought, mingled with humor, in which

"Wit its honey lends without its sting,"

constitutes the soul of the conversation of him, who justly merits the high encomium of gentleman. To attain this embellishment of their character should be the ardent wish of all who hope to spend a life of freedom from embarrassments, of little moment in themselves, indeed, but of constant occurrence. To no member of society, perhaps, is true refinement of manners more essential than to the professional man.—To his success the favor of the people is absolutely requisite. And to the man who is graced with politeness, according to my apprehension of the term, attachment is readily and involuntarily yielded.

BEPPO.

The Island.

THE following lines were suggested by the familiar remembrance of a beautiful Islet in the upper waters of the Hudson.

Move on, move on—not the breathing of Heaven
Curls the wave we glide over, my star-stirring boat—
To the Isle on whose borders the waters at even,
Seem to linger and listen the whippoorwill's note.

The prow of the shallop now sleeps on the shore,
And footsteps press slowly the paths of the isle,
Whose beltings are beauty, whose banks shadow'd o'er
With sad weeping willows, are fair all the while.

Fair Island, I know where thy bell-flowers grow;
I know where thy grape loads the wave-sweeping vine,
Whose hangings above, and whose shadows below
Seem to meet at the surface and there to entwine.

I hear the far voice and the soul-stealing song,
With the evening waked echo, I often before
Have heard, as stilly they stole along
The moon-silver'd waters and shadowy shore.

They come—the friends of my bosom—they come:
I love o'er the Island to wander alone,
But, oh! to my heart it is dearer to roam
With those who can mingle their souls with my own.

Then hasten, dear friends, to this beautiful isle;
Let us tread the gay verdure and stifle the sigh
That unconsciously rises, and welcome the smile
That could banish the tear-drop from beauty's bright eye.

MONTREUIL.

Regal Character.

"There," said the guide, "the group is full in view;"
"Indeed," replied the Don, "there are but few."
"Few, fellow? there are *all that ever reigned.*"

THOUGH we cannot accede to the sentiments of a modern poet, consigning to the gloomy confinement of a Tartarean prison, all who ever dazzled in the splendor of royalty, yet upon a survey of the catalogue, and an examination of the character of monarchs, we find but few, who, according to the ideas of future retribution, would not be numbered among that "group," who reap the reward of regal vices and crimes. We should equally dissent from Fenelon, who describes the visit of Telemachus to the dark domains of the inexorable Pluto, where those Kings, who had been conquerors on earth, and who, by the practice of oppression and tyranny, had attained the highest elevation of royal dignity, were reduced to the lowest degree of degradation and misery and suffered debasing insults from their once oppressed and despised slaves, and where also, virtuous monarchs, that is, those, who were not guilty of glaring acts of violence and injustice, who consulted the interests of their subjects and sacrificed to the Gods, enjoyed an Elysian happiness, excelling, in point of felicity, that of other men, as much as the sceptred monarch exceeds in importance the gregarious throng. We are not disposed to condemn the whole, nor shall we adopt the criterion of the ancients in deciding on regal merit. More perfect rules are now extant, by which the character of him, "against whom there is no rising up," may be examined, and according to which, it will appear commendable or reprehensible. Though the high prerogative and venerable name of King are calculated to impress with awe, all who attempt the consideration of so august a dignity, and deter those who

might be disposed to assail it; yet under a government, not swayed by the princely sceptre and privileged with the liberty of saying what we think, we hesitate not to approach the character of those who have shone in splendid diadems, rode the triumphal car, or given laws to obedient millions, even though, like the bottom of Diogenes' tub, it cannot endure severe scrutiny.

The "great and good" are epithets so often connected, as frequently to cause a mistake, with regard to those to whom the latter is applied. There is something so imposing in human grandeur, that we rarely stop to investigate before we pronounce plausible greatness virtue, and give our approbation to the acts of the mighty, which are not characterized by tyranny. But when we take a strict and impartial survey of the lives and characters of those who have been exalted to such an elevation, very few appear unstained with debauchery and vice, and fewer yet can claim the name of virtuous. The impressions of early life are lasting. And monarchs are deprived, in youth, of those excellent instructions which the ignoble peasant receives, and consequently has a less regard for integrity and piety than most men of moderate fortunes. Instead of a religious discipline, a close mental application, and a predominant regard for virtue, they spend their youth in idleness and vicious indulgence, cherishing the most sanguine hopes of anticipated kingly authority, and waiting with impatient anxiety for that day, when a nation will be at their disposal. Having never been shaded by the clouds of adversity, they are strangers to sympathy for the unfortunate, and their favors are lavished on courtly flatterers or effeminate favorites. Some have experienced the asperities of adversity, but have mostly, like Charles II. of England, suffered in youth only to tyrannize in manhood, while few, like Alfred, have acquired moderation and justice by the severe lessons of misfortune. Suffering no restraint in youth, they mount the throne, either expecting no dissatisfaction from their subjects, or determined to bear nothing from them, but to crush all perceptible opposition, and not unfrequently, on their accession to power, do they treat the advocates and applicants for mild measures with the contempt manifested by that monarch, who declared his "little finger thicker than his father's loins."

Kings have ever been religious. No matter of what blasphemies they were guilty—how profane their language—how unhallowed their deportment, religion is that to which they are firmly attached. To this they were ever ready to light up the fires of persecution—commission the destroying sword, and even enter personally the scenes of war and carnage. It was in the heat of regal devotion that Catholic princes could, by their edicts, condemn to confiscation and slaughter multitudes of their industrious Protestant subjects, lest the church should lose her purity; and the same regal piety induced Protestant monarchs to let loose against the devotees of the Vatican the rigors of proscriptive law, and gave currency to enormous papal plots, which resulted in the indiscriminate slaughter of supposed Catholic conspirators. Imbued with this spirit, the Protestant kings of England have cursed the Pope, while the sovereigns of the continent, who had no private quarrels with him, were prompt to execute with fire and sword his sentences of excommunication. To us nothing appears more perfectly ridiculous than the pretension of the generality of European monarchs to a regard for religion. From the blasphemous John I. or Henry VIII. to the magnanimous Alfred, or prudent Elizabeth—in short, from first to last, through "the whole rabble of kings," scarcely any existed, who were not addicted to vices of some kind or other. How many of them have died "the death of the righteous," it is not our province to determine; but tried by the sacred page, upon the evidence of history, few appear to have merited, in any degree, the appellation of the "great and good."

ORBILIUS.

The Aged Saint.

I.

I saw him, when the whitened lock
Bespoke the toil of many years;
His faith was founded on a rock,
Nor knew he more of griefs and fears.

II.

I saw him when he crouched with age,
And life's dull lamp but dimly shone;
Rejoicing that his pilgrimage,
In these strange realms was nearly done.

III.

I saw him, when his languid frame
Was bending o'er the lurid tomb;
Unknown to fortune, power or fame,
He pointed to a happier home.

IV.

I saw the brilliant smile of youth,
Sit calmly on his furrowed cheek;
Relying on the God of truth,
Hope strengthened, though the flesh grew weak.

V.

I saw him gasp his life away,
His spirit takes its joyful flight;
I traced it from its mortal clay,
To happier scenes in realms of light.

L.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

As much is doing at the present day for the improvement of our Common Schools, and as I feel somewhat interested in the subject, being myself a Teacher,—I have thought that the following letter received by me some few days

since, from a parent in my school district, might be worthy of insertion in your excellent paper; as it shows most obviously the necessity of the praiseworthy exertions now making to elevate the standard of juvenile education. PEDAGOG.

Mr ——— Sur I am verry Much Dissatisfied with your treatment to My Sun for you have Punished him A number of times without Cause and Sur you Must not Do it any More it is None of your Bisness what time he gits to School it is your Bisness to teach him when he is in School and you Nead Not ask him any thing About going to Meting that is My Bisness and if you punish him again in the way that you have I shall Bee under the Disagreeable Nesesaty of Seeing you
this from yours — —
january — AD 1831

We would not unnecessarily invade the sanctity of private correspondence, nor out of mere malignity hold up to ridicule the mistakes of those whose ignorance may be their misfortune rather than their fault. It does not well become those who have never experienced any lack of instruction—who have been compelled to know something, whether they would or not, to mock and deride—to reproach with his inaccuracies, the individual who has enjoyed none but the most limited advantages. It is presumed, however, that the writer of the above, if he has any patriotism about him, could not object to that use which has been made of his communication. The sacrifice on his part, even were his name given, would be trifling in comparison with those which have been made by patriots of other times. He is required to shed ink only for his country, while others have freely shed their blood.

A large number of our readers are, or have been, teachers, and the perusal of this letter will doubtless bring to the minds of many of them, delightful reminiscences "of days gone by." In some particulars this letter is "sui generis;" and of the sentiments advanced, some, we trust, are peculiar to the writer; but there are others more generally indulged, and which, if openly avowed and carried out into action, are most unjust to teachers and injurious to scholars.—Teachers are not unfrequently told in substance, though perhaps not in form exactly, "you have Punished my Sun," or my *Darter*, "without cause:" and how is the fact ascertained? Certainly, from the child's own story. This conduct of most parents plainly evinces that they have a great dread of "Being under the Disagreeable Nesesaty of Seeing" those to whom they have entrusted the care of their children.

It is to be hoped that those who are perplexed and tormented with billets directing the manner in which "our children" must be managed, will console themselves with the reflection that they do not suffer alone. Meanwhile, they must wait patiently the progress of *reform*, until parents learn to visit their schools, and thus at the same time encourage the teacher and form their opinion of the school from personal observation, and not from the representations of children.

To Our Country.

Spread wide the notes of joy,
Wake gratitude's acclaim;
Let ignorance employ
Fallacious schemes for fame:
Pure knowledge swells
Her tide of truth,
And midst our youth
In glory dwells.

Fair Science lifts her hand,
And strews her gems afar,
Enriching every land
That owns her brilliant star.
With giant stride,
"The march of mind,"
Roams unconfin'd,
Bright virtue's guide.

The paths of Literature,
Like tracks of lucid sheen,
In living portraiture,
Adorn each lovely scene;
That proudly rears
Fair Freedom's home,
A stately dome,
The test of years.

Yes! Freedom here in might,
Unites her charms with mind,
And widely gleams their light
To cheer enslav'd mankind.
In holy power,
They scorn all dread,—
And terror spread
When tyrants lower.

Go on, thou favored land,
E'en now the meed of fame
Awaits thy glorious band
To give a deathless name.
Land of the free,
Thy scroll unfurl'd
Shall teach the world
True liberty.

But as ye upward rise,
In majesty sublime,
Aspire to gain the prize
That 's unimpair'd by time.
His praises sing
Who gave you birth;—
And let the earth
Responsive ring.

ALA.

County Lyceum.

Addison County has at length moved in the cause of Popular Education. One effect of Mr Holbrook's Lectures in this village, last December, was the appointment of a meeting to be held in this place, on the 18th of January, current,—to consist of delegates from the different towns of the County. Accordingly, last Tuesday week, delegates from Middlebury, Bristol, Weybridge, Bridport, Shoreham, Cornwall, and Salisbury, assembled in the Vestry of the Congregational Church, to consult on measures for promoting the

interests of Common Schools, and of Popular Education, generally. Rev. Thomas A. Merrill was called to the Chair, and Peter Starr, Esq. appointed Secretary. A constitution for "*Addison County Lyceum*," whose objects are indicated above, was adopted; and the following gentlemen were elected its officers for the coming year.

Rev. THOS. A. MERRILL of Middlebury, *President.*

Rev. J. Z. NICHOLS of Middlebury,
Rev. DANA LAMB of Bridport,
Elder H. HALL of Cornwall,
WM. R. BIXBY, Esq. of Vergennes, } *Vice-Presidents.*

Mr OVID MINER, of Middlebury, *Secretary.*

Dr. WILLIAM BASS, of Middlebury, *Treasurer.*

Rev. SILAS CRANE, of Middlebury,
Prof. Wm. C. FOWLER, do.
PETER STARR, Esq. do.
Dr. OLIVER J. EELS, of Cornwall,
Elder AMZI JONES, Shoreham,
Dr. WASHINGTON MILLER, of Salisbury,
Mr RICHARD OLIN, of Leicester,
Dr. ERASMUS D. WARNER, of Newhaven,
Rev. BOWMAN BROWN, of Weybridge, } *Curators.*

The Teachers present were addressed by Elder H. Hall, Mr. H. Curtis, and Rev. S. Crane.—The Lyceum voted to recommend to Teachers of Schools in the several towns, to hold frequent meetings for mutual improvement. The Lyceum voted, also, that subjects be designated for Lectures at its next meeting, and that Lecturers be now appointed.

I. "Of the Moral Discipline best adapted to Schools." Lecturer, *Rev. J. Z. Nichols.*

II. "Of the best modes of interesting Children in their Studies." Lecturer, *Mr. B. W. Smith.*

III. "Of the defects in the common methods of teaching Arithmetic and Grammar, with some remedies for these defects." Lecturer, *Rev. S. Crane.*

The Lyceum adjourned to meet in Middlebury, on the second Tuesday of June next, at 10 A. M.

☞ *The Board of Curators (which embraces the Vice-presidents) are to meet at the Rev. Mr. Merrill's, on the second Tuesday (8th) of February, at 1 p. m. It is hoped all will be present and* PUNCTUAL.

—

The following is the census of this state, which is just completed. Bennington and Rutland counties, as also Essex and Grand-Isle, have gained very little the last ten years. Windsor Co. shows a heavy gain, and Addison a respectable increase.

Bennington,	17,470	Windham,	28,748
Rutland,	31,295	Windsor,	40,623
Addison,	21,940	Orange,	27,285
Chittenden,	21,775	Washington,	21,394
Franklin,	24,525	Caledonia,	18,967
Orleans,	13,980	Essex,	3,981
Grand Isle,	3,696		
		Total,	280,749

Census of 1820, 235,749; Gain in ten years, is 44,930. At the last census, New-Hampshire was several thousands ahead of Vermont; now this state takes the lead some 6 or 8,000.

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It was expected that the proprietors of the Undegraduate would make some little exertion to obtain subscribers, during the present winter, among their friends and acquaintances. Has any one stirred in this matter? Fifty or a hundred subscribers might be obtained probably, with very little effort—try.

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Arrangements are making to build a Roman Catholic Church, in Rutland county. Remittances of money from Catholics in Europe, and an immense emigration, are fast building up a Papal party in these States.

—

A daring highway robbery was committed near Salem, Mass. a few days since, upon Mr. George Crosby, formerly of Brandon, in this state. Mr. C. was stabbed in several places, though not so as to endanger life. He lost $900.

—

The following piece of satire, in relation to the present King of England, is from a London paper. "As his royal highness was walking in the Park, the other morning, with his hands behind his back, and his mouth open, as is his highness's custom, there happened to come on a shower of rain, upon which his highness, with his usual promptness, turned round to his secretary, Taylor, who was in attendance, and said, "Taylor, the rain comes into my mouth, what shall I do?" To this condescending interrogation, Taylor replied, "Had not your Highness better shut it?" Upon which his highness, with that energy and decision which characterises his minutest actions, immediately shut his mouth, and no more rain found admittance during the walk!"

—

The trial of Judge Peck of Missouri, for imprisoning a Mr. Lawless, is going on before the U. S. Senate. The Village Record says, "The *Peck measure* occupies considerable space in the public eye, for one so small: *Peck peck*-ed at *Lawless* in a very *lawless* manner; and now *Lawless* is *peck*-ing at *Peck*, by every lawful means: A lawyer who was *lawless*, might naturally expect to be *peck*-ed at.

MARRIED,

In Weybridge, Mr Asahel R. Rising, of Middlebury, to Miss Emma L. Moses.—Also, Mr John Dickinson to Miss Aurelia Taft. In Clarendon, Dr. Charles Smith, of Benson, to Miss Sarah Whitney. In Ira, Capt. Ira Spaulding, of Proctorsville, to Miss Amanda Collins. In Poultney, Mr. Jason Thompson, of Hampton, N. Y. to Miss A. Frisbee. In Shrewsbury, Mr James Vanemburg, of Castleton, to Miss Lucia Hall. In Castleton, Mr Luke Stevens to Miss Lucy Lion.

DIED,

In Castleton, the 26th inst. Mrs Mary Perkins, wife of Dr. Joseph Perkins, aged 25. In this village, on the 18th inst. Mrs Mary, wife of Mr Ira O. Prouty, aged 25. In Poultney, Mr Samuel Martin, aged about 60.—Also, Mr Rufus Branch, aged about 30. In Danville, Mr Benjamin Sias, aged 25 years, son of the Hon. Samuel Sias. Killed in Walden, Mr Daniel W Wells, aged 35. In Williston Mrs Susannah Hoit, aged 104 years last March. In Georgia, Vt. F. Lewis Gooch, Esq. aged 76, a planter from St. Domingo who fled during the insurrection in that island.

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